

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

—THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PRESCRIBED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.—

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New Yorker.

ESHAH.—THE LAST KING OF THE HOUSE OF ESAU.

[BY MRS. F. W. L.]

Explanatory Note by an American Traveller.—Some time in the year 1837, being impelled by that restless desire for novelty which urges so many to forego the comforts of home for the perils of distant countries, I commenced my sojourn in the East, without any definite object but curiosity and a desire to behold what I had so often seen described. I made the usual tour of observation through the south of Europe, Asia Minor, and Egypt, with probably much the same adventures and discoveries that have befallen thousands before me; and I should not, in all probability, have ever informed the public of my existence and peregrinations, were it not for the circumstance I am about to relate, and of which I leave the same sage public to judge for themselves.

In the course of one of my rambles about the environs of Athens, I fell in with a young Englishman of prepossessing but singular manners, and bearing about him the indelible marks, not only of aristocracy of caste, but of nature's nobility—I had not been long with him, however, before I came to the conclusion that I beheld before me one of the saddest as well as most magnificent ruins I had ever seen. He seemed to dwell only in the long-forgotten past, and appeared, by constant and fruitless effort, to be striving to connect it with the present.—In his imagination, every thing seemed in its primeval freshness; and he felt as one who follows the track of an earthquake, and finds only chaos and desolation where but yesterday was seen splendor and universal prosperity. I lost sight of him in Asia Minor, and saw him but once again, which was in Egypt, among the mighty ruins of Thebes. But I found his malady was increased, inasmuch that he seemed to take little cognizance of living objects. He was literally "searching for the living among the long, long forgotten dead." When I approached him, he turned to me with a bewildered surprise and exclaimed, "Child of Yesterday!—oh that I could wake from this long and terrible dream! Where you behold the dim memorials of a race that has passed away, I am a conspicuous actor in a glorious pageant in the days of the proudest Pharaoh. Where you behold only crumbling stones and deserted streets, I see gorgeous palaces, and a countless host like the sands of the desert. Where is the king, and the throng of attendants?—Oh, where is the peerless bride, and her woman, the fairest and proudest of Egypt's daughters? And the bridegroom—who was he? Oh, Death! Death! Death! how do mortals fear thee!—and yet how merciful thou art!" Here the poor maniac rushed from me, and I saw him no more, though I made diligent search and inquiry for many days. I joined an expedition to the excavated city of Edom; but I found that, by some means, the demented had arrived before me, and had found a resting place—the most fitting, perhaps, that the earth could have afforded. On an altar of the principal temple I found a manuscript, which I here present, without alteration, to the public; but no farther traces of the writer could be discovered. Probably in some one of the many sepulchres his weary frame reposes; but I would not, if I could find it, disturb its hallowed repose.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

"Eshah, of the house of Esau, king of a desolate city—monarch of a perished race, to the sons of to-day: Learn from me the punishment of arrogance, and be humble. Israel's God is the God; there is none great but Him. Jesus is the Saviour; in him there is mercy. 'Thousands of years have rolled by, and I stand again in the halls of my fathers—for the punishment of my transgression doomed to witness the utter extinction of my people, and the 'invincible' city without an inhabitant. Alas for poor Idumea! Israel, it is true, has been scattered, and the glory of Judah, thy ancient enemy is departed; but Edom—vain-glorious Edom, has none left to tell of his fallen greatness. Yet it seems but now that the East, and the South, and the West, and the North sent of their goodliest treasures to enrich the City of the Rock, that amid, in her strength, 'I shall never be moved!' and these silent halls were busy with the activity of hundreds of thousands. How often have I seen this very temple crowded with priests and princes, who came to offer their prayers to the great Bel-Dagon of Edom! And here it was, on the threshold of this very temple, that the fearful malediction was sounded in my ears. 'That Esau should pass away, and that Eshah, the proudest and the last of the kings of Edom, should walk in the city after the very dust of his people had been given to the winds!'

"It was a proud day for Petra when Eshah brought home from Egypt his beautiful bride, the daughter of Pharaoh. Five thousand camels and ten thousand horsemen came forth from the glorious city of Egypt, led by Eshah and his bride; and Pharaoh and his hosts came forth to honor the departure of Anah for the city of her husband, for Eshah's father had sought to strengthen his alliance with Egypt, and had sent messengers and costly presents to Pharaoh, and Pharaoh had given his daughter to the son of Edom. The desert was behind them. They had begun to climb the mountain of Seir, when the cry went forth in Petra—'Eshah of Esau, and Anah of Pharaoh!' Then went forth all Petra to welcome the bride and bridegroom: horse and horsemen—a countless host; camels and their riders, priests and princes, soldiers and merchants. The very mountains shook with the

shouts of the people: 'Eshah of Edom!—Anah of Egypt!' And, in truth, Anah was a princess worthy of Pharaoh, and first in the heart of Eshah.

"The night was lovely, even for Idumea, when, Anah and her train having been established in the costly chambers provided for them, Eshah went forth to meet his rejoicing people. The whole city was illuminated; theatre and temple, tomb and terrace, garden and dwelling, all sent forth a flood of light, while women, wrapped in their long, white veils—the costly product of Egypt—went forth before the prince of Edom, singing his praises, and strewing flowers in his path to the temple. Then followed his officers, clothed in the purple of Tyre, and the rich gems and gold of the East; then the king's musicians—the dark sons of Ethiopia—not as we see the poor, fallen children of Africa now, but the proud sons of a gallant race; and then followed ambassadors from the East and from the West—from Babylon and from Greece, from Persia and from Tyre—a goodly train; and as they approached the temple, a captive band of our ancient and hated enemies, the Jews, were brought to do honor to the king and to the great idol, Bel-Dagon of Petra. Slowly and they came forth, the captives of proud Jerusalem; and one there was of a loftier mien than the rest, though his garments were coarse and his head was bald; yet all—even I, proud, inflated as I was with power and prosperity—covered beneath his steady and scornful look. But he halted not till he came to the threshold of the temple, where all must do reverence to Bel-Dagon, or remain in bondage forever. Never did it pass from me—that look of defiance and scorn with which he paused and, lifting his voice, proclaimed—

"The Lord is God!—there is none great but Him."

"Instantly that dense and heaving mass of human life was hushed, as by a spell; all was as still as if at that moment the city had been desolate and dead as now. My wrath was kindled. I looked around in indignation that none smote the bold rebel to the earth; but none moved; and I rushed forward, and with my own hand would have smote him, but he turned to me with a look that froze the blood in my veins, and raising his hands and voice at the same time, exclaimed:

"Thus saith the Lord God: My sword shall be bathed in heaven; behold, it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse unto judgment. From generation to generation, it shall be waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also, and the raven, shall dwell in it, and he shall stretch out the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there; and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces—nettle and brambles in the fortress thereof; and it shall be a habitation for dragons and a court for owls."

"There was an awful pause. The whole city was suddenly clothed in palpable darkness; and the voice of that fearful man was again heard, like the voice of thunder, pouring out its terrible denunciations on this devoted city:

"Lo! thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks—that holdest the height of the hill! Though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle's, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. And thou proud son of Esau—the proudest and the last! thou shalt yet walk this spot when these things are accomplished, and the very dust of thy people is scattered to the winds; because thou wouldst compel the servants of the living God to blaspheme, and bow down to molten images; and because thou sayest in thine heart—'Who is the Lord, that he can do this great thing!'

"The prophet ceased his terrible denunciation; but the mountains shook to their centre, and all felt that the fearful doom was about to be fulfilled.—The lightning played about the mountains till the whole mass seemed wrapped in a continuous sheet of flame. And the captives, with solemn pace, turned from the appalled and fear-struck multitude, and walked through the magnificent portals of the city; yet none dared stay their steps, for they felt that a terrible power sheltered them from harm.—Fears that night—that tremendous night, took hold of every heart in Idumea; but most on mine, for I felt the awful certainty that every word should be accomplished. But morning came, and men began to forget the terrors of the night; and business and pleasure succeeded; tranquility and prosperity were again the inhabitants of Petra.

"Years passed away, but of all my wives, my beautiful Anah was the woman of my love. I have mingled with the great ones of the world; I have gazed on the fairest of earth's daughters, but never have I seen a fairer or a gentler than Anah, or her more gentle daughter. But Anah was smitten by the hand of death before her beauty yielded to time, and my heart was made heavy. But skillful men from her father's land embalmed her with costly spices; and I built her a tomb, the most sumptuous in Edom, and a hundred priests were employed to keep the place, and burn incense daily before the shrine where Anah reposed. I have found the tomb; but it was empty, only that a jackal had made his lair in the very spot where my beloved had been laid. And I have been in the theatre; I found the very seat where, in my pride, I sat above my people, who came thronging here in pursuit of pleasure. Where are they? I cannot find even their very ashes. I went to the apartments of my favorite daughter, the child of Anah. Beautiful and rare were the treasures of this place, but I found only the dusty stone; and, as if in bitter mockery a she fox had brought forth her whelps, and growled fiercely at my intrusion. I went to the house of Hildad my privy councillor. The brother of my heart was Hildad. I hoped to find some trace of his household—something to tell that Hildad had lived. Alas! one of the most ferocious of the sons of Ishmael had made his den in the very chamber of my friend, and roughly threatened to take away my life, as an intruder, where my fathers had lived and reigned for ages. I have found the familiar places of my kindred; but even their dust is given to the winds—their tombs are wide open and empty.

"The course of Edom is fulfilled, and I have seen it. I have but one short pilgrimage more, and I shall be as one of my kindred. In the desolate valley of El Ghor the hosts of Idumea met the armies of Israel. Long and bitter had been the strife between Esau and Jacob; but we had collected our strength for a desperate effort. We hoped

to march to the very gates of Jerusalem, and slay fire and slaughter in our course. Eshah and I were the first to die. I saw my primeval sin, and the price of my iniquity lying in heaps—the dying and the dead; but I saw no more.—I remember that a dove from a distant stream came on the temple; the earth became dark—and Esau reigned no more in Edom.

"Of my early childhood in my mind's eye I have small remembrance. My first recollection is a feeling of bewildered rapture at an ancient air song by an old wandering Gipsy. Watched, and old, and sun-burnt as she was, I could have hugged to my heart that poor creature, so an old and familiar friend. I remember, too, of a strange sensation when taken to visit a green-house where some young palms were growing. Time passed. I was regarded as a strange and wayward boy, for even then my soul thirsted for something—I have not what—distant and unattainable. I walked amongst those that men taught me to regard as my fellows—With them not of them, for I felt as a stranger. I entered the University. I soon became distinguished for my proficiency in the languages of the East to me there, was in them a mysterious charm, a strange fascination, that I could not resist—that touched a hidden chord in my heart, even to rapture. The Professor called me a prodigy. They praised of genius and intellect; but I was not flattered; my thirst was too intense, my feeling too deeply alive, to pause or bestow a thought on flattery. The adulations of my fellows was but a breath, scarcely stirring the surface of deep waters.

"I was not then religious. I had no abiding system of faith; but I delighted in some of the books of the Old Testament. Some of the descriptions there given were so vivid to my imagination, that I could scarcely believe I had not myself been an eye witness to them. One thing I should have observed: which was the hatred I bore to the descendants of Abraham. There were names among them that afflicted me strangely; changed as they may seem by language and pronunciation, yet they often threw me into a dreamy reverie. I would have given kingdoms to solve the mystery; but the time was not yet fully come. Yet I went often among them; I witnessed their ceremonies; I listened in breathless eagerness to the voice of the Hebrew priest; and yet, the more I listened—the more intensely I became interested, the more deeply I hated the whole race. I gloried in their degradation; I rejoiced in the maledictions which an unjust world heaped upon them. But when I questioned my own hatred, I hated them, there was no answer.

"The time came when I resolved to visit the New World: I plunged into the dark recesses of the forests of America; I visited ruins of cities and temples over which the stately forest waved the growth of ages; I explored the deepest caverns of the earth; I climbed the loftiest mountains; I mingled with the wildest and fiercest of the tribes of the wilderness and the mountains. I encountered danger, and hardships, and suffering, from heat and from cold, from hunger and thirst; I was pursued by wild beasts; I was threatened by still more ferocious men. Three times have I been shipwrecked, when all but myself perished; yet still an unseen power held me up. A longing for something I could not find goaded me on and on, for ever unsatisfied. I stood amid the ruins of Greece. The hills and valleys were the same; but I had nothing to do with mouldering ruins, and I turned away and embarked for Egypt. The destroying angel had been before me, and I was sad; but I heard a voice behind me which said that my toils were nearly at an end, and my destiny fulfilled. I heard of Petra. My heart responded to the name; I knew that there my wanderings should cease, and I hurried thither. I did not wait for guide nor passport; what were they to me, impelled as I was by invincible necessity! I procured two camels, and set out on my journey alone; for I was at home in the desert. At every step new light dawned upon me; till here, on the portal of this very temple, which ages long past, I built and dedicated to the god of Babel, the whole truth burst upon me, and I saw how the tremendous wrath of the Almighty had been poured out, and every prediction of His prophets faithfully fulfilled. I have humbled myself before him; and the last King of Esau dies, full of faith in the last and greatest King of the House Israel."

Knowledge is Power.—Curious Illustration.

At a meeting which took place the other evening for the purpose of forming a North London Mechanics' Institution, Mr. Basil Montagu, as an illustration of the maxim that knowledge is power, related the following anecdote: He was walking a few months ago in Portland Place, when he observed a large crowd of people assembled, and found that it was in consequence of a large mastiff dog having a lesser one in his gripes. Several persons tried by pulling, the mastiff's ears, and by biting and pinching its tail, to make it let go its hold, but in vain. At last a delicate and dandified young gentleman came up, and making his way through the crowd, into the circle requested to be allowed to separate the dogs; ascent was given amid jeers and laughter, when the dandy slowly drew from his pocket a large snuff-box, and having taken a pinch himself, inserted his fingers again in the box, and withdrawing a larger pinch deliberately applied it to the mastiff's nose. The snuff operated so powerfully on the animal's olfactory nerves, that it not only immediately let go its hold, but made its escape as fast as it could. The dandy was loudly cheered, upon which he stopped for a moment, and said, "Gentlemen I have merely given you a proof that Knowledge is power."

Stimulants of Great Men.—It is interesting to

notice the different articles which have been taken by eminent men as stimulants to the mental faculties. It is interesting, how diametrically opposite means may produce the same effect in various systems; and it is interesting, as showing how much the mind sympathizes with the body.—Haller drank plenty of cold water when he wished for great activity of the brain; Fox, for the same purpose, used brandy. The stimulants of Newton and Hobbes were the fumes of tobacco; those of Pope and Fontenelle strong coffee. Dr. Johnson at one period of his life was a great wine

drinking; but in the latter part of it, found in a good substitute. But James is said to have been written under the influence of gin and water, and it is reported that a certain lord, of learning and talent, plied himself with port when he wished to shine. Pitt was a great drinker of wine; Sheridan, also, was fond of his bottle. Dr. Paris tells us that when Dr. Dunning wished to make an extraordinary display of eloquence he always put a blister on his chest a few hours before he was to speak in order that it might irritate the brain by sympathy during his speech.

Of the following poem, by the late Thomas Pringle, a Scotchman, who lived several years on the border of the British Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and who wrote it in reference to the desert in that part of the world, Coleridge says—"I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language."

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrow of his life the soul o'erflows,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years:
And shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain, like ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood left:
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame,
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new.

Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now broken—Babylon—Babylon—
And I—a lone exile remembered by none—
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that madness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the silent turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife,
The proud man's brow, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high—
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death freighted feroceity in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the crabs play,
Where the gazelle, the gazelle, and the hareboast graze,
And the kudu and eland untroubled recline,
By the skirts of grey firs o'erhung with wild-vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-bow gambols untroubled in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the fleetest cry,
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh,
Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey;
Where the zebra wistfully tosses his mane,
With wild howl scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pilfering plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away—in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered corncobs or Bachusa
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling pool with colored sides;
Where sodgy pool, nor bubbling count,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Speed—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-wind round me sighs,
And the stars burn bright in the mid-night sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying,—MAN IS DUSTY, BUT GOD IS NEAR!

THE CONVENT CELL.

On a bleak and gloomy morning in the month of March 1827, two travellers walked up the aisle of the Church of St.—, in one of the chief towns of the Netherlands. They were evidently strangers not only to the place, which they gazed at with curiosity, but to the manner and feeling of the congregation, for they were observed to walk carelessly past the *Bentier*, without dipping their fingers in the blessed water, nor did they bend their knees as they crossed before the altar.

Still there was nothing of indifference in their manner; nothing in short, which any liberal mind of devoted might not have excused in the bearing of two heretics, unaccustomed to Roman Catholic rites, and from the impetuosity of inexperience and youth. For they were both young, under five and twenty; and they had that reckless and independent air which marks the citizens of a free country. They were in fact Americans, who with a full fund of health, money, and ardor of variety, had just arrived in Europe, and were starting on their journey in quest of knowledge and adventures.

They had landed a day or two before at Ostend, from London, and this was their first visit to a Roman Catholic Church in a Roman Catholic country. One of the strangers, who was a quaker, viewed the religious ceremonies without any other emotion than that of a painter or a novelist, as if scanning the groups for the effect which they would produce portrayed on the canvas, or in discription; while the other of a more sanguine temperament, felt a deeper moral interest in the scene.

He was however, after a short time, roused to a more minute and personal train of thought by ob-

serving that one of the nuns who had most pretensions to beauty, fixed her looks upon him, with an uncommon intensity, and in a manner so remarkable as to cause him, at length, considerable embarrassment. There was something remarkable in the expression of her countenance, and in the determined scrutiny of her gaze, that made him almost shudder. She was handsome certainly. Her features were regular and marked; but she was pale to mallowness, and her dark eyes had a restlessness of motion, that seemed caused by an unquiet mind.

He then felt his cheeks glow, and he gave to his looks the tenderest expression of which they were capable. He saw an answering flush rise on the pallid brow of the nun, and a smile, that thrilled through him, but not with unmixed delight, played for an instant on her colourless lips. Her eyes then sank down and her face resumed her calm and sculptured look.

The service was at length concluded; the priests had retired from the deserted altar, and one by one the congregation left the church. Aroused by his less excitable friend the enamored young gentleman also arose to retire.

They were on the point of quitting their places and retiring from the almost deserted church; the friend of the young lover, for so we must call him, had turned round and made a few steps in the direction of the door, and the lover himself was about to follow, when his parting look at the nun was answered by an imploring glance, from her quick raised eyes, and a momentary, but an intelligible motion with her finger, that he should remain.

Determined, of course, to comply with this invitation, he found means to rid himself of his friend, and followed the fair nun down a back stair, entered with her a narrow recess, lighted by a single lamp, before a shrine contained in which, she again resumed her kneeling posture. The lover took a position at a few yards distant from the object of his gaze, and leaning against a pillar, awaited her communication.

With her head low bent, and inclined towards him, while she turned over her beads with much apparent devotion, she asked him, in a deep whisper, "do you understand French?"

"Yes," murmured he.

"Do you speak it?"

"Not sufficiently to express your influence on me."

This was answered by her wonted smile.

"Good heavens is it satisfaction or triumph?" thought to American.

"If you can see in me, any thing to interest you," continued she, "are you inclined to do me a favor?"

"Am I," replied he with energy—"try you put me to the proof?"

"It is no trifle," said she solemnly.

"Any thing is trifling that can enable me to serve you; for any thing short of death command me!"

"And if death did cross your path in the adventure?" exclaimed she, with a full expressive voice and piercing solemnity of look.

"By heavens! I'd even upon that," cried he; "you have exalted me to a pitch of excitement, I know not how or wherefore."

"I am satisfied with you," resumed she—"I believe you to be a man of honor; and that your fine person and striking face cannot be allied to an ignoble soul; I feel myself safe in your hands. You perceive that the rules of my order are not the strictest! but the discovery of their infringement is ruin; and I am now intruding them. I can speak to you no more at present—I have run a fearful risk.—But meet me outside that little portal to-night at nine. I will admit you punctually as the clock strikes. You must not speak; but trust to me, follow me and count on my gratitude."

At the hour of nine the young American, followed by his anxious friend, rushed to the convent. The lover gained admittance, and soon after was seen returning, bearing a figure wrapped in his cloak, which from its form and dimensions was judged to be a human being.—The alarm and anxiety of his friend, heightened by this occurrence was aroused, and he followed at a distance and in silence.

After a little time, in which they traversed several by-roads, they reached one of those canals with which the town abounded, and the lover unhesitatingly descended one of the flights of steps, which facilitate the landing of goods from the barges, and the embarkation of persons employed. "Heavens!" exclaimed the watchful friend to himself, "can he be wild enough to bear her off at night in some open boat—God only knows where or how this adventure will end!"

He placed himself close to the quay wall and looked over the parapet. He saw his friend on the steps; there was no boat of any kind stationed near or in sight, yet the lover continued to descend!

"What can this mean? What frantic feat can be destined to conclude this affair?" muttered the careful guardian as he watched with intense interest; and as he watched, he observed the object of his care to disencumber himself of his burden—a figure in black emerged from beneath the cloak, and a heavy plunge in the stagnant water was the signal of its disappearance.

The perpetrator of this appalling deed immediately ascended the steps. The shocked witness felt the blood curdling through his veins. His eyes seemed doubly fixed on his retreating friend, and on the rippled surface of the water where the body sank. The safety of his friend kept him mute; for to call assistance was to reveal the murderer!

Leaving the place, he quickly gained upon his companion, who to his astonishment, took the direct road to the hotel. They arrived there at the same moment and recognized each other without exchanging a word. A simultaneous pressure of the hand was the salutation; the friend shuddered to feel that the one he clasped was cold and clammy. The door opened to their summons, and they mounted together to their chamber. The explanation given by the young American to his friend, is full of that source of interest which the lovers of the Ratiocative school delight in—namely, the horrible. The nun by whose appearance he had been captivated, had received some untold injury or slight from a young priest; and assassinated him in her cell. It was for the purpose of conveying away the murdered body that she invited the traveller to this fearful interview. Maddened by her

and the draught of wine which she had induced him to swallow, he consented to become the agent of her dark purposes. But to avoid the possibility of her crime being detected she had mixed poison in the cup, and the unfortunate stranger at once her agent and her victim, scarcely finished his narration before the drug took effect and he expired in great torture. His fellow traveler laid before the officers of the police a statement of the whole transaction, but a bigoted respect for the religious association, stifled the decree of justice, and induced them, without making any investigation, to suffer the mysterious and dreadful circumstance to pass into oblivion.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

From the Baltimore American of this morning.

ARRIVALS OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.—NINE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steam ship *British Queen* arrived at New York at 2 o'clock, p. m., on Friday, bringing London papers to the 2d instant, inclusive. From the *Commercial Advertiser*, *Courier*, *Journal of Commerce* and *American*, we make the following selections:

The British Queen brings 200 p. mengers, including servants.

In money matters there appears to have been no improvement of any kind. Cotton was active, but had declined $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb.

Of the harvest in Great Britain, hopes, not unchilled by fears, prevailed, that it would yield more than an average. There was still, however, uncertainty on the subject; and, while that all important matter remains uncertain, there can be no general revival of confidence or business.

From about the 10th of August to the 30th the weather was generally fine, and the prices of breadstuffs were declining. On Saturday the 31st, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, when the Queen sailed, the weather was stormy and cold, and she had summer weather for some days afterwards.

A Liverpool paper of the 2d September says: "The weather has, during the week, been, with but few exceptions, highly favorable for gathering in the precious fruits of the earth. Scarcely a doubt now exists that the harvest will be abundant in quantity and excellent in quality."

A Liverpool letter of the 31st of August says:

"The grain harvest is nearly finished in the south and midland counties; in this neighborhood they are in the midst of it. The weather is unsettled, but it is expected there will be fully an average crop, and in fair condition. The grain crop controls the trade of this country."

American stocks are wholly unmanageable, as, indeed, in any event, we presume they will be for some time to come.

A dreadful affray had occurred at Egham, August 29th, between a party of soldiers and the humblest of the people. Twelve soldiers who were left behind after the main body had retired were severely beaten. It does not appear that any lives were lost.

The Northern Bank of England was dissolved by a vote of the proprietors August 29th. The outlines of a new bank, to be called the Alliance Bank, were submitted to the meeting.

The Paris Commerce publishes a letter from St. Petersburg, dated the 14th ult., which states that a conspiracy had been discovered among the officers of the first corps d'armee, and of the Hussars of the Imperial Guard, in consequence of which numerous arrests had taken place. The commanders of both corps were removed and placed on half pay.

Prorogation of Parliament.—On Tuesday, August 29th, the British Parliament was prorogued by the following speech from the throne:

HER MAJESTY'S SPEECH.

Her Majesty then, in her own very happy manner, read the following speech:

"My Lords and Gentlemen:

"The public business having been brought to a close, I have now to perform the satisfactory duty of releasing you from your long and laborious attendance in Parliament."

"I rejoice that a definite treaty between Holland and Belgium, negotiated by the mediation of the five powers, has settled the differences between the two countries, and has secured the peace of Europe from the dangers to which it has so long been exposed. The same concord which brought these intricate questions to a peaceful termination, prevails with regard to the affairs of the Levant. The five Powers are alike determined to uphold the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, and I trust that this union will insure a satisfactory settlement of matters which are of the deepest importance to the whole of Europe."

"It has afforded me the sincerest pleasure to have been able to assist in effecting a reconciliation between France and Mexico. I trust upon preserving for my subjects the blessings of peace, I am highly gratified when I can avail myself of an opportunity of removing misunderstanding between other powers."

"I have recently concluded with the King of the French a convention calculated to put an end to differences which have arisen of late years between the fisheries of Great Britain and France. This convention, by removing causes of dispute, will tend to cement the union between the two countries which is so advantageous to both, and so conducive to the general interests of Europe."

"I shall continue to pursue with reverence the negotiations in which I am engaged, to persuade all the powers of Christendom to unite in a general league for the entire extinction of the slave trade, and I trust that, with the blessings of Providence, my efforts in so righteous a cause will be rewarded with success."

"I regret that the differences which led to the withdrawal of my minister from the court of Telle have not yet been satisfactorily adjusted by the Government of Persia."

"In order to fulfill the engagements announced to you at the opening of the present session, the Governor General of India has moved an army across the Indus, and I have much satisfaction in being able to inform you that the advance of that expedition has been hitherto unopposed, and there is every reason to hope that the important objects for which these military operations have been undertaken will be finally obtained."

"I have observed with much approbation the attention which you have bestowed upon the internal state and condition of the country. I entirely concur in the measures which you have framed for the preservation of order, the prevention of crime, and the better administration of justice in this metropolis; and I have given a cordial assent to the bills which you have presented to me for the establishment of a more efficient constabulary force in those towns which peculiarly required it, and for effecting the important object of generally extending the civil power throughout the country."

Gentlemen of the House of Commons: I thank you for the zeal and readiness with which you have aided the supplies for the service of the year."

It has been with satisfaction that I have given

my consent to a reduction of the postage duties. I trust that the act which has passed on this subject will be a relief and an encouragement to trade, and that by facilitating intercourse and correspondence it will be productive of much social advantage and improvement. I have given directions that the postmaster-general should be taken to give effect to the intention of Parliament as soon as the necessary arrangements required for this purpose shall have been completed."

"The advantages which arise from a considerable amount of the extended debt have been converted into stock, affording a satisfactory proof of the reliance placed on the credit and resources of the country, as well as on your determination to preserve inviolate the national faith."

"My Lords and Gentlemen: It is with great pain that I have found myself compelled to submit the law against those who no longer conformed their duties of residing by force the lawful authority, and of subverting the institutions of the country. The solemn proceedings of courts of justice, and the fearless administration of the law by all who are engaged in that duty, have checked the first attempts at insubordination, and I rely securely upon the good sense of my people, and upon their attachment to the Constitution, for the maintenance of law and order, which are necessary for the protection of the poor as for the welfare of the wealthier classes of the community."

The Lord Chancellor, addressing both Houses, then said: It is her Majesty's royal will and pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued to Thursday, the 24th day of October, to be then and there held; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 24th day of October next."

GRAND TOURNAMENT AT EGLINTON CASTLE.

FROM THE LONDON "AGE."

The grand Tournament at Eglinton Castle will take place on the 25th of August, and we understand that the list of knights and equires exceeds the number originally intended. The tilting and other chivalrous sports will occupy three days. The procession to the lists leaves the Castle about noon of each day and will comprise the knights, their equires and retainers, the king of the lists and the lord of the tournament, the queen of beauty, and the other principal personages who will figure in this revival of the glories of other days. The equipments of the knights, strictly copied from ancient authorities, and painted in the colors and decked with the emblazoned banners and crests of their martial occupants, will be an interesting sight; and when the Gothic galleries surrounding the lists are crowded with the beauty and fashion of the three kingdoms, and the steel clad champions rush to the encounter, we can easily imagine the splendor of the spectacle. The sports will be concluded with banquets, balls, and masques given to the assembled elite by the noble holder of the festival. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge are likewise to be guests of Lord Eglinton during the tournament with many amongst the most distinguished of our own and foreign nobles in gorgeous costumes of the middle ages. The Archery Archers, headed by their captain, Claude Alexander, Esq., clad in a brilliant and characteristic costume, will muster in great force, and add to the attraction of the spectacle.

The most splendid and magnificent specimen of ancient armor, to be worn on this interesting occasion is generally considered to be that recently brought from the armory of the baronial Hall of Hylton Castle, near Sunderland, Durham. This princely and gorgeous suit is made of pure Milan steel, burnished blue, decorated with gold studs or rivets, curiously inlaid with the same costly metal, and elaborately wrought in arabesque. The casque or helmet alone weighs nearly 40 pounds, and the bars of the visor are of solid gold. The warlike specimen of the olden time is in beautiful preservation, and is said to have cost 1,000 guineas nearly 500 years ago, when it was worn by the then Baron of Hylton at the victorious battle of Cressy. The total expenses of this grand and chivalric display will, it is supposed, exceed £30,000.

The chief knights at present are Lord Eglinton, Craigh, Thiborough, Alford, Cassilis, the Marquis of Waterford, Sir Francis Hopkins, the Hon. Mr. Gage, the Hon. Captain Maynard, the Hon. Edward Jerningham. Among the equires are the Hon. Captain Macdonald, Capt. Bressford, and Captain Purvis. Prince Louis Bonaparte will also enter the lists.

The renown of the expected tournament about to be held in Scotland has reached Paris, and creates a certain interest in a people once so celebrated for their *belles joutes et hautes faits d'armes*. It is said that Lord Eglinton descends in a direct line from Roger de Montgomerie (the name has degenerated into Montgomery) who followed the Duke of Normandy to England at the time of the Conquest. A member of this family returned to settle in France in the beginning of the reign of Francis the First; and his son, John de Montgomerie, better known under the name of Captain de Lorges, was renowned for his address in all bodily exercises, which, however, did not prevent his wounding Francis the First, in a sort of mock fight, on the forehead, with a lighted brand. The son of this gentleman, Gabriel de Montgomerie, also a great lover of all tilts and tournaments, had the misfortune, in an affair of this kind, to wound mortally Henry the Second, who tilted with him. After several anxious and restless years, the consequence of his involuntary regicide, he was taken, in 1574, and imprisoned in one of the towers of the Conciergerie, where for a long time bore his name, and was beheaded by order of Catherine de Medici, who thus revenged the death of her husband twenty-four years after his death. It is singular enough that, after more than two centuries and a half which have elapsed since this event, a descendant of Gabriel de Montgomerie should have thus preserved this taste for tournaments and chivalric sports. It is said that a high personage intended to leave France, if possible, to be present; and the Prince Louis Napoleon would also do well to look to himself, seeing his pretensions to the throne of France, the Montgomeries being rather unlucky in their tilts with such before kings.

Each knight is to choose a lady, whose colors he is to wear, and whose superiority he is to maintain before all lovers, native or foreign, known or unknown.

LAST REHEARSAL.—July 30.

The tournament is at present the engrossing object of conversation in the fashionable circles. Saturday last was the last day of rehearsal, when the gardens of the Eyre Arms Tavern were honored by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, and upwards of 3,500 persons of distinction. On each side of the ground were elevated benches for the accommodation of the spectators. At the extreme end were three tents, where the knights were equipped. At the opposite end a marquee was erected for the Royal Family and principal Nobility. The ground was

furnished with a terrace, and all the other appendances of the most elegant style.

The Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, arrived shortly before four, attended by Baroness Knatchbull and the Hon. Miss Kerr. Her Royal Highness was received by the Earl of Eglinton, Earl of Winton, &c. The practice then commenced with tilting at the quintain. The Hon. Captain Gage, Lord Glenlyon, Viscount Alford, the Hon. Captain Maynard, &c. greatly distinguished themselves by the force of their attacks. Viscount Alford and Lord Glenlyon received falls in the course of the afternoon. The young Marquis of Worcester, who very successfully pierced the onager with his spear, through his horse's shying, was thrown, but was not hurt. At a quarter to six, the Marshal of the Lists (Lord Gage) made the official proclamation, preparatory to the Earl of Eglinton and Viscount Alford entering the lists.

"No knight to ride more than three courses with the man on foot, in which advantage of each kind gained twice by the same lance decides the victory; so that, if it be gained in the first, the victory is decided, as in boats at a race."

"No. 1.—In default of other advantages gained in any course, the judge will decide for the attaint made nearest to the centre of the shield."

"It is expressly ordered by the Earl of Eglinton, and must be distinctly understood by each knight upon engaging to run a course, that he is to strike his opponent on no other part than the shield; and that an attaint made elsewhere will be adjudged foul, and the match forfeited."

"Particular attention is most earnestly requested to be paid to this injunction, for the general good and credit of the proposed tournament, any untoward accident might throw discredit upon it, or even prevent its ever taking place by force of law or public opinion."

"No knight can be permitted to ride without having on the whole of his tilting pieces."

"Lances of equal length, substance, and quality, as far as can be seen, will be delivered to each knight, and none others will be allowed."

GAGE.

Marshal of the Lists."

A flourish of trumpets announced the readiness of the noble combatants. The Earl Eglinton wore a costly suit of brass armor. From the crest which surmounted his helmet proceeded a plume of blue and yellow feathers. His horse was richly caparisoned with blue satin and cloth of gold. Viscount Alford was clad in a magnificent suit of polished steel. His lordship's horse was also caparisoned with blue and white cloth. Both knights, having made their devoir before the levy of noble dames in the principal pavilion, took up their positions. The herald then sounded a charge, and the knights rushed to the encounter; but the pass was made without damage. After a slight pause, the noble lords again rushed forward, the lance of the Earl of Eglinton slightly touching the *passaguard* of his adversary. In the next course the Earl of Eglinton struck the *passaguard* of his opponent, and the concussion splintered his lance. In the next course, Viscount Alford came full upon the *passaguard* of the Earl of Eglinton with such force as to shatter it into several pieces. After this the Earl of Eglinton entered the lists, and, after a short rest, a remarkable disposition of Mr. Gage's charger, after several fruitless attempts, the contest was given up. Viscount Powelcourt, Mr. Balfour, Lord Drumlanrig, Mr. Cavendish, &c. were riding in the lists. Earl Craigh, who was present, wore a superb coat of steel, ornamented with gold elaborately wrought in arabesque.

The Duke of Beaufort was to have been "King of the Tournament," but we understand the Earl of Errol is to occupy that single post. Lady Seymour is to be the "Queen of Beauty." The name of the individual who is to be *L'Inconnu* (the unknown knight) is, of course, a secret at present.

THE APPROACHING TOURNAMENT.

While it is requested that ladies and gentlemen will dress in costumes of the 14th and 15th centuries, and that farmers and others will appear in Scotch bonnets and plaids, it is announced at the same time that no one will be refused admittance by the regular approaches. The lists are an enclosure 600 yards by 250 yards, with a barrier in the centre, where the combatants meet, 300 yards in length. There is a grand pavilion for the Queen of Beauty, and the distinguished company connected with the amusements; while on each side seats are erected to hold 1,000, intended for the Public, who will obtain admission to them by gratis tickets. The Queen of the Tournament, with her maids of honor and body-guards, composed of ladies in elegant and appropriate costume, equipped as archers, and the Irvine Toxophilite Society, are first in the procession; then follow Lord Eglinton and the other knights, with their equires and retainers. To give variety to the sports, twelve of the Irvine archers are to compete at buttshooting within the lists. A number of tents are to be pitched round the castle, to accommodate those engaged in the tournament at dinner, as there is not room for the whole within the castle. The arrangements are on the most costly and magnificent scale. Lord Glenlyon, with a spirit becoming a Murry descended from "the good Duke John," is to appear at the Eglinton tournament at the head of 100 of his men. We understand his lordship this week for the field of chivalry. The men are said to be less bulky than of the South of France Highlanders to be; nevertheless, they come in the "garb of old Gaul and the fire of old Rome," and if they are called upon to break a lance in honor of valor, love, and beauty, they will do it most gallantly. The "lads of the phillibeg" are adepts at athletic exercises.—*Glasgow paper.*

CORONATION OF SULTAN ABD-UL-MEDJID.

We have yet seen no notice of the coronation ceremony of the youthful Sultan of Turkey. We are indebted for the following notice to a letter from Constantinople, dated the 17th of July: "On the 11th inst. Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid buckled on his sword of Osman, the founder of the present dynasty. This ceremony, called *taklidi*, represents the coronation of European sovereigns. It took place at the Mosque of Eyoub."

"The Sultan left the palace of the Seraglio, at 11 o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to the Golden Horn in *kaicks*, or barges of State, accompanied by the dignitaries of the empire and the officers of the palace."

"The ships of war were all decorated with flags, the yards were manned, and as the Sultan passed, the air resounded with cries of 'long live the Sultan!' At the same moment the batteries fired salutes, and the music of the guard, stationed at Seraglio Point, executed marches and symphonies. His Highness, on landing, was received by the Scheick ul-Islam, (the head of the church,) who escorted him to the mosque. There the Scheick ul-Islam, and the superior of the Merkezi Darvish

of *Elash*, approached the Sultan, and buckled on his sword of Osman."

"After this ceremony, which lasted two hours, the Sultan returned to Seraglio Point, through the city. The cortege was opened by the cavalry of the Imperial Guard; then followed on horseback the public functionaries of the first rank, *Mutris*, *Kariashers*, *Pachas*. Then came Haliz Pacha, Minister of Finance; Resouf Pacha, President of the Imperial Council; Ali Bey, Intendant of the Dowager Sultan; Hamid Pacha, Director of the Mint; Halil Pacha, the Seraskier or Commander-in-Chief of the Army; Khouray Pacha, the Grand Vizier; the Scheick-ul-Islam; and then his Highness, surrounded by the officers of his palace, and pages carrying bunches of feathers in their hands."

"During the procession the officers of the palace continued to throw money to the people."

"When he reached the palace, his Highness visited the Imperial Harem, to kiss the hand of his mother, and to receive her blessing. The passages to the harem were carpeted with shawls and rich stuffs from Lyons, which after the Sultan's visit, were distributed among the pages."

"After having passed some time with his mother, the Sultan returned to the palace of Beglerbeg.—*Globe.*"

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Character of Jefferson.—The Journal of Commerce states that Theodore Dwight, Esq. author of the History of Hartford Convention, is about to publish "The character of Thomas Jefferson, as exhibited in his own writings."

It is not a little strange, that in no country in the world is as much pains taken, and as much labor devoted, to destroy the character of its great men, its statesmen and its patriots, as in these republican United States. One would suppose, from the constant and vindictive exercise of this propensity, the fruits of which daily stare us in the face, that it was a material part of the political policy of our country to hold up to the world, in the worst possible light, the name of every native American, who by his deeds or writings had rendered his name conspicuous at home or abroad, and attracted the attention of the world. One would suppose, if he allowed himself to form a supposition from the fact stated, that the existence of our republic depended upon the establishment, in the belief of the world, that our country had never yet given birth to an honest man, a true patriot, and enlightened statesman, or a politician who was not a knave if not a fool.

Of the galaxy of "bright particular stars" whose lights have been shed upon the mighty rise and progress of our government and country, not one which still shines, and but one which has sunk to its eternal rest, is allowed to escape the unparing, never-sleeping vituperation, calumny and execration of a larger or smaller portion of our factionists and their premises. Of all that bright and shining catalogue of names, that of Washington alone is suffered to escape this universal massacre, and we verily believe that ought but the fear of popular retribution has saved even his memory from the defiling touch of political passions.

The announcement at the commencement of this article, and which have elicited these remarks, is nothing more nor less than an announcement that the fair fame of the author of the Declaration of American Independence—the third President of the United States—the philanthropist, the statesman and the honest man—Thomas Jefferson—has yet sustained itself too well against the countless and deadly shafts of malignity and defamation which have been hurled against it, and that Theodore Dwight, of all men in the world best calculated to finish the work of destruction as far as human malice and recklessness can make him so, is about to essay another, a great effort, to destroy all that remains of the glorious memory of Thomas Jefferson; and that too, with weapons stolen from the armory of the intended victim himself.

For Theodore Dwight to attempt to illustrate "the character of Thomas Jefferson, as exhibited in his own writings," is about as consistent in itself as were Voltaire's attempts to illustrate the fallacy of the Christian religion by its sacred origin and history. Thousands look upon the overthrow of Christianity by Voltaire as most decided, palpable, and conclusive; and Mr. Dwight doubtless pursues his task with the hope of like success, encouraged by the example we have mentioned as a perfect parallel as far as the relative characters of the laborers and the objects of their labors are considered. It is, indeed, most fitting that the historian laureate of the Hartford Convention should assume the labor of the last great effort to efface from the grateful remembrance of the American people, the character, services and memory of the *evil genius* of that precious conclave, its principles and its objects.

The reader will note, that it is the "character"—the whole character of Mr. Jefferson, that Theodore Dwight promises to portray to the world, drawing his colors from "the writings" of his hero. A more generous source could not be applied to for the purpose of obtaining that character; for in those volumes it is exhibited without reservation, and in them he seems to have labored to give the world his "character" by the shortest and most intelligible means. His letters from France, while he was mixing with the fearful scenes of the Revolution, teem with the almost breathing patriotism of his "character," and furnish maxims for statesmen, and examples for diplomatists, which the courts of all Europe admire.

Some of these who have, since his death, and before too, labored to blast his character and fame, while they have admitted his partial talents as a statesman, do not suffer the admission to cool upon their lips before it is qualified by an allegation that his statesmanship was altogether of a party character. Nothing can be further from the truth. Politics, in Jefferson, was the science of human nature; not because there were not faults in some of his plans, but because he based his opinions upon extensive analysis, profound truths, and historical experience. He had no party but his country, no parasites but the people. He was never found administering to the wild desires of the mob;—he studied their interests, not their wishes. He pursued, frequently against the common voice, the lines of action which he felt to be judicious, and at last obtained the triumph of his virtue in the unalloyed suffrages of the public. His opposition to the mother country, while it was warm and uncompromising as that which burned in the bosom of the most inflamed "rebel" of the times, never burst forth in devouring flames, but was calm, persevering, and full of power. Against her, or against his domestic opponents, he was not left behind him a line of unnecessary wrath. He was unlike all his illustrious co-laborers in the work of American emancipation, while he combined some of the greatest attributes of each, tempered by prudence and profound thought and knowledge. From the earliest days of his manhood he evinced a strong love for his country, which he never sacrificed to private ambition or the temptations of office. His enthusiasm bore the characteristics of permanent passion, seated in the depths of his nature. It never

flared in a transient exultation, or displayed its strength in the vulgar arts of popularity. On the contrary, it burned in secret, contained his unostentatiously in public, and gave that undying impulse to all his acts that shed a light of earnestness and determination over his whole life. Trained in a school of politics where prejudices were frequently permitted to usurp the place of reason, he kept his steady way as calmly amid the elements of strife at home, as when in France, through the centre of the tragic group, he was neither led by the eloquence of Mirabeau, nor melted by the sorrows of Maria Antonette. In all stations, perfectly unaffected by the temporary violence by which he was surrounded, he applied his judgment and philosophy to the examination of primary principles, apart from the extravagant theories of those who thought that the value of all legislative changes consisted in the establishment of extremes.

Such was Thomas Jefferson in his life; such is Thomas Jefferson as exhibited in his own writings; such is Thomas Jefferson appreciated by his country and the world at large; and such will he continue to be regarded after Theodore Dwight and all that bears the impress of his hand or mind have long passed to "the receptacle of things laid upon earth."—*N. Y. Sun.*



THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN

SALISBURY:

Friday Morning, October 4, 1839.

United States Bank.—The deluded sycophants of New York, who petitioned Nicholas Biddle to establish a branch of the United States Bank in that place, are now reaping the reward of their folly.—The Bank papers, and bank men of the city, are foremost in exclaiming in terms of unmeasured condemnation, against the outrageous conduct of that Institution, in its late unparalleled proceedings. It has, by means of its Post-note issues, and other manoeuvres crippled the energies of the other banks, and produced a serious and most injurious effect on the money market of New York. The stock of the Institution has fallen from 130 to 100, in that city.

From a late New Orleans paper, the Louisiana, it appears that the field of speculation is not limited to New York. It is stated, that a consignment of five hundred thousand dollars of these same trashy post-notes had been received by the Merchant's Bank of that city, one of the agencies of the "regulator."—This being the case, of course the market of Orleans will be done with the same "remedy" that has so effectually assuaged those of the Northern cities, and doubtless with the same operative effects. These post-notes bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and are mostly payable six months after date. Instead of commanding a premium, as all issues of this kind would, if they had the confidence of the community—they are actually depreciated in their sales, to the enormous discount of one and a half to two per cent. a month.

If the destructive influence of this speculating machine could be confined to the men who so earnestly and humbly supplicated for its different establishments, and gave it the power that is now exerted with prostrating effect on the energies of trade, it would be less matter; but unfortunately, those who forewarn its tendency, and resisted fruitlessly, are equal sufferers in the calamities entailed.

With these practical illustrations seen and felt, of the power of such Institutions to control and prostrate trade and commerce, we cannot believe that the people of this country will ever again place their prosperity in the keeping of any great regulating monopoly. The present "regulator" has shown us on a small scale, comparatively, what would be the conduct of one more powerful; and we should be blind indeed, not to profit by experience so dearly paid for.

A ray of light.—We see that Specie is now being exported direct from Europe to New Orleans, for the purchase of Cotton. This is something new, and unusual, but it will not continue to be either strange or uncommon, if the Republics of the country can keep down a Federal Bank.—The time will soon come,—if one of these engines is not established to regulate exchanges against the South again, as it always has done,—when gold and silver must and will travel from the North and Europe not only to New Orleans, but to every Southern State to buy our Cotton. But get another Bank, and revive the Tariff, and we may again expect to bend in our former subservience to the North for every thing.

South Carolina mourns the loss of two distinguished sons, within a short time past. Col. Blanding, President of the South western Rail road B. & O., and Gen. Rob't. Y. Hayne, President of the Charleston and Cincinnati Rail Road Company. Gen. Hayne died in Asheville in this State, while in attendance on a meeting of the Directors and Stockholders of the Rail Road Company.

The Houston Texas Telegraph says:—"Flour is in great demand here at this time; and the little that is in market is selling at from sixty five to seventy-five dollars per barrel."

Vermont.—Jennison, (Whig,) has been elected Governor, by a majority of something over 3000 votes.

In the State Legislature the Whigs have a small majority.

Fire.—A fire lately broke out, in the National Theatre, New York City, that destroyed the Theatre, and three Churches, besides several other buildings. Loss amounting to more than \$400,000.

A Twenty Gallon License law is proposed in South Carolina.

